

# The Tenth.

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## ORIGINAL POETRY.

### SACRED MELODY.

BY DOCTOR A. J. PRIME.

WAKE, Judah—awake—for the wail of the banished  
Is changed to the song of the happy and free,  
The darkness that shaded thy fortunes has vanished,  
And joy shall arise to thy country and thee.  
The hart shall yet bound on thy hills—and thy moun-  
tains  
Shall echo the shout of the hunter again,  
Soft music shall float on thy rills and thy fountains,  
And Lebanon's cedars shall shadow the plain.

No more in thy halls shall the desolate languish,  
In sadness the fate of thy children deplore,  
For the harp that was silent and tuneless with anguish  
Shall sound to the anthems of rapture once more.  
The rose in thy vallies shall bud with the myrtle—  
Thy sons shall rejoice 'neath the olive and vine,  
Thy maidens shall list to the voice of the turtle,  
And garlands of beauty their brows shall entwine.

O, never again shall the song of thy daughters  
Break sadly and slow from the heart in despair,  
But the notes of rejoicing shall come o'er the waters  
And peans of gladness be heard through the air.  
Once more on his throne shall thy king sit in splendor,  
And low shall the praise of his victories ring,  
And royalty join with her nobles to render  
Salvation to Judah—all praise to her King.  
*Schenectady, Nov. 24, 1834.*

## ORIGINAL TALES.

### RECOLLECTIONS OF A NIGHT.

—dreams in their development have breath,  
And tears and tortures and a touch of joy.

Byron.

Alas! for aught that ever I could read,  
Could ever hear by tale of history,  
The course of true love never did run smooth.  
*Midsummer Night's Dream.*

I am not an habitual dreamer. True, I have had my day-dreams and my night-dreams. In the first, I have seen palaces and pomp and pride, and the long train of gilded majesty, and love's bowers and joyous hours with those we love. Of the latter, I have known all, from the sunny visions of a boy to the ghostly terrors of the night-mare. But they have gone by and left me a sober and dreamless man. The cold realities of life fill up my days, and when I sleep—I sleep. If while awake I am unhappy, when asleep, I am at least at rest. But last night I had a dream, which, to be understood, must be prefaced with some short sketches of my life.

My boyhood, though now it seems like a dim and misty tale, was a season of fierce passion. I know not why; perhaps from sickness, for I was a child upon whom it seemed that Pandora's box had been opened—perhaps from the natural temper of my heart—but I could not bend to suffer wrong. The least look of coldness, or even enough to awaken in me the least suspicion, made me a bitter foe. I would not be bridled in my wrath. Patience I considered nothing

but a forced submission, and would not exercise it. I must be first in the love of every one, or hold no place at all. Of course, I was left to the latter alternative. I hated all men because they did not care for me. I grew up unloving and unloved. I was jealous of the love of my own brothers, of whom I had three. They laughed at me, and I hated them.

My manhood found me the same dark being I had made myself in youth. I knew no one that I loved—no one who loved me. My brothers were married, but I felt no more alone than when they were around me. They were happy, and they deserved to be so. I was above the world's hate, and of course was not unhappy, though I cannot say that I was happy. It was half of my existence to mingle in the crowd of busy men, and read in their faces the passions that agitated their hearts, and compare them with my own. I would smile as I met the eye of some covetous villain, where I could see written the strife of conscience with hellish cupidity—or I would feel an inward thrill of joy when I met a crowd of gay young hearts, and compared their feelings then with what they were in their private chamber. For only they who have felt it, know that the face may be wreathed with smiles that serve to hide a fire in the bosom, and the heart that is heaviest and saddest, will bury its anguish deepest under revelry and joy. I know it is a tale of sinful passion—I felt it then to be so. But I would not then have been like other men in feeling, for the earldom of earth.—I might have been a Cæsar in affection at one time, but it would have been at the price of assimilating myself to the rest of mankind.

In such a mood I was one day, a few winters since, walking in Broadway, that immense thoroughfare of New-York. I turned down one of the streets that run across the city, and had gone but a few steps, when my attention was drawn to a window of a house I was passing. I saw—heavens! what a face. I will not attempt to describe it. It was not beautiful—but so noble and so guileless, and such a passion as I never before saw burning in those deep blue eyes! She was a girl of apparently about fifteen years. I saw it but a moment; but I know, if I had never seen her after, I could not forget it till the day of my death. Months passed on, and I saw her no more. Yet was that bright face ever present to me, and I felt it like a magic charm in my heart. Under its influence did my feelings become so changed, that I became a perfect man of the world. If I did not love mankind, I at least had the

credit of it. I may have been a hypocrite but my hypocrisy has gained me the love of a few, and the fear of many.

A year or two flew by, and I went to spend the summer in the country. There again I met her. In an instant I became a new man. I felt that if that one could love me—if I could be shined in such a heart, I might be—what? I know not—but I could make her mine. Accident at length threw us together. It was not long before I told her my heart, and she said she loved me. I cannot tell why. I felt in my heart of hearts that I possessed no quality of mind or form which a woman could love, and most of all Constance Gray. Yet she did love me, and told it me in such passionate words that I could not doubt her. I was happy. The world seemed new to me. There was an object to live for that I could own in my selfish heart. The feeling was new, and I believe on that very account I buried her deeper in my love. I would have done anything for her pleasure, and I told her then that I could sacrifice her to another, if I knew that she was happy. I was mad with the passion. But it was not to last.

"'Tis odor fled as soon as shed,  
'Tis morning's winged dream;  
'Tis a light that ne'er shall shine again  
On life's dull stream."

In a few months we were separated for a week, and when I saw her again—if heaven's lightning had seared my brain I could have borne it—but this!—she had ceased to love me. Again I was an outcast. The world to me was a blot. Yet did that image cling round my heart, and though despair sits by its side, not Lethe's stream can wash it out.

I do not know how time passed after this. I did not count the months, for I seemed unconscious of their progress. But they were gone, and I was what I had been years before, except that there was one being I loved, and though she told me to forget her, I felt that I should love her till I die. I did all in my power to restore her affections, but I feared they were lost for ever and for ever. I told her I could forget all the past. But she could not.

I threw myself on the sofa last evening, after a day of intense anxiety and agitation, and fell asleep. I found myself in the same place where I had first told Constance Gray I loved her. The scene was all the same. It was a proud, high hall of old times, but I was the only tenant of the broad walls. A single lamp was burning by my side, that threw but a dim light upon the pictures that graced the lofty ceiling. It was a place I loved, for there I had been happy.

I loved the dim light, for it was the same on the night that made me the most blessed of men. We had talked of these old pictures of her ancestors, and there had I taken the first pure kiss of love. How different now were my sensations. Now I gazed on them, because they called up the memory of one who was dear to me—one whose love had been a star in my existence. Whilst I was musing thus, a door opened and in an instant I saw Constance kneeling at my feet.

"O! Ernest—Ernest—if you love me still," she said, but tears stopped her words. I felt all my heart come back, as I raised her from her knees, but suddenly I felt a desire of revenge enter my brain. I forgave her in my soul but was determined to punish her for the past.

"Constance," said I, and her blue eyes turned up to my face with such an expression that I felt almost disposed to give over—"Constance—I loved you once—nay hear me, for I will not reproach you. I was an outcast from the earth. I found nothing but frowns where I had looked for smiles. I was hated by all men and I loved *not one*. It was thus I met you. I loved you—you *alone* of the whole world. I gave you my whole heart, when the affection you would have received from others, was only the small part they could spare from what they gave the rest. With me it was not thus. I gave you the unbounded love of one who gave others but hate, and the idolatry I bestowed upon you was rejected."

"I know it—I know it," she said, "and it was a love I know I did not deserve. I have done you wrong—deep, cruel wrong. But tell me you do not hate me, say that—"

"Constance, you counted wrong of the heart you wrecked. You told me to forget you. Have I not done it? And have I done it to take you back to be spurned when your heart grows tired of its short-lived confidence? Had I thought you had been the viper—"

"O, call me not so!" she exclaimed, "only tell me you do not hate me, and I will go to the ends of the earth and be happy. I do not ask you to take me again to your heart. I do not deserve it. Say that you love me still and I shall be satisfied."

"Look around these walls, Constance," said I. "Are they not the same that witnessed our first vows—the same that saw you send me forth a wanderer on the wide world?"

"O, forgive me—"

"And what can I be to such as thou? I am not made to be loved. Look on me and say if you can love a form so thunder-scarred—a face so marked with passion? Do they not tell thee of a hell within—and do you ask my love? True, you told me once—I know not why—you loved me."

"And do still, Ernest, most devotedly!" she exclaimed, as she buried her face in her hands.

"Constance—my noble Constance," I cried, as I caught her to my bosom, "you are mine for ever."

It seems strange to me that my dream should be so like reality. But our vows were said again as her head lay upon my breast, and I gazed in her eyes till I forgot she had ever been false to me. It seemed as if the joy of ages had been concentrated into that one hour. There she lay with her deep blue eye filled to the brim with tears, looking into mine as if she would read my very soul, half doubting the pardon I had spoken—her soft white hand trembling in mine, as if she feared to touch the one she had wronged so deeply. At length she started up, and with a deeper glance into my eye, that I almost felt, she said—

"O, Ernest, am I once more your own dear Constance? I almost doubt my happiness. I did you wrong, but have I not had deep repentance?"

"Forget it, Constance, and be happy"—but my dream was changed.

We stood before an altar, in a lofty chapel, in which crowds were gathered to witness the bridal ceremony. There were those who had passed me by in scorn in other days, and they had come to marvel at my fair bride. She stood by my side—my lovely Constance. I was happy. Soon she would be mine for ever and for ever. The priest took his station by the altar, in his flowing robes, and said over the form of words that was to unite us—and the ring was put on—and the words of blessing pronounced. Then I turned to kiss my beautiful bride, and —

She was gone, and in her place a monstrous serpent. I shrunk from it in horror, but it pursued me, and there, by the very altar, it coiled itself around me—and glared upon me with its hideous eyes—and they were hers—yes—my own bride's in that serpent's head. It raised its head to my very face, and seemed to smile as it hissed and licked my lips with its forked tongue. I struggled to loose myself from its folds, but it wound itself firmer and firmer around me, and choked me with its vile embraces, and plunged its fangs into my heart. Still I strove with it like a giant, but at each struggle it struck its fangs deeper, till I sunk in exhaustion, and the last I saw was its fiery eye glaring into mine.

There was an impression of a light hand upon my forehead and in my hair as I awoke. And there was Constance—my own Constance—kneeling by my side, and wreathing my hair with her fingers, and when she saw that I was awake she gave me one look of her passionate eye—I forgot my dream and caught her to my heart and—I am happy.

Men in power do not like to be reminded that there was once a time, when they had need of the services of their friends.

## ORIGINAL ESSAYS.

## NIGHT.

BY H. C. HENRY.

Let the Gheber kneel in the deep idolatry of his heart, and pour out his prayers to the Sun—ay, let him term it his God—his life—his all, while kindles his eye with rapture as it drinks in its glorious beams—but for myself I must confess that Night, calm silent Night, with its radiant sabaoth glowing burningly above me, has a charm, a silent yet holy eloquence, which we find not, we feel not in the bustle and glare of day. I love the golden sunlight—it thrills my very soul with joy—and I have gazed upon the splendors it creates, hour after hour, forgetful of myself, almost lost in admiration. I have seen this King, this God of Day, when he came forth from the petals of the East, flinging abroad his golden rays, first on the overarching sky, then on the earth; and the hill-tops caught his glance and smiled, and almost seemed to glow with life as well as beauty—and soon the glad rays came down upon the valley, and the streamlets ran, and leaped and sparkled, as if rejoicing in his gorgeous beams—and the mists began to rise from the margin of river, brook and sheeted lake, and climb up to mantle the brow of hill and mount, or float away in purple glory to the unseen gates of Paradise—and as I watched them, steadily, intently, until the curtain of distance hid them from my view, I have felt something within me as it were struggling like them to flee away from the shadows and storms of earth to a brighter and happier home. I have seen the beauties of a summer's sunset, and have felt that they were ravishing. My eye would never weary of drinking in the glories which such a scene presents. To see clouds—deep—massy—gorgeous—piled upon each other in beautiful magnificence, seeming the "pillared props of heaven," the thousand colors of the sunbeam painted upon their fleecy folds—to see them rolling away slowly and heavily, as if the shoulder of some unseen giant were applied to the whole mass, and, as they roll, continually changing their appearance, now white as the plume of the plover just wetted in the salt sea-foam, now dark and threatening as if pregnant with wrath to man, and again glowing in all the colors of the radiant bow limned on the retreating cloud—and thus to see them pass till all have gone except, perchance, a lingerer here and there that seems as loth to go from the cheering smile of the sun while yet a single ray is left to gild and beautify earth, ocean, or sky—to gaze upon such a scene, I say, is indeed delightful, and will and must draw forth the admiration, if not the adoration, of every intelligent existence. Here is an exhaustless field for admiration—something that will never tire—always beautiful—always new.

"Parting day  
Dies like the dolphin, whom each pang imbues  
With a new color, till it gasps away,  
The last still loveliest."

But I digress. After all my admiration for the thousand scenes of beauty that Day presents, still can I turn with the sincerity of early love, and in the fullness of my heart exclaim with one of our own sweet poets,

"Most beautiful, extatic, holy Night!  
How I do love thee!"

A veil seems drawn over the cares and sorrows of earth for a brief period, and, as the last dim light of day is fading from our view and the shadows of night are deepening around us, we are reminded that even thus is passing the brief day of life—thus, soon will the shadows of the tomb shut from our vision the blessed light of the rejoicing sun.

Whispers as of unseen spirits are ever floating around us at this calm and holy hour—and is it not soothing to think that, perchance, the spirits of departed friends—those dear ones to whom our hearts so fondly cling—are hovering around us, like guardian angels, to shield us from danger, to whisper to us of their radiant home, and raise our aspirations to the God of all! We seem enveloped by an atmosphere of holiness—the very air is redolent with music, falling upon the spirit like a spell, and we seem as it were raised nearer heaven and more lost to earth than we can feel in the hurry and bustle of day. We look up to the sky—the illimitable sky—studded with innumerable stars—and we feel our spirits yearning, ay, panting within us to hold communion with those worlds of light. In every gentle spirit lives a tone that echoes back the sweet and simple language of the poet—

"If those bright orbs that gem the night  
Be each a blissful dwelling-sphere,  
Where kindred spirits reunite  
Whom fate hath torn asunder here—  
How sweet it were at once to die,  
And leave this dreary world afar,  
Meet soul and soul, and cleave the sky,  
And soar away from star to star."

Let not us who enjoy the clear light of revelation, judge those with too much severity who in the olden time bowed down in worship to the stars of heaven. Theirs was an idolatry that degraded not. And did not the quiet Heaven with its myriad eyes look down approvingly on worship and on worshippers? O, heard they not a voice in every star that spoke to them of Deity? Theirs was a worship that chastened, and purified, and exalted the soul; and though they erred, who shall say that they erred fatally? Not we who kneel on velvet cushions, in the magnificent temples which our pride, and not our love to God, has piled, uttering the prayer which our hearts feel not, pouring forth burning words with our lips, while our spirits are lifeless within us. Their temple was the earth, curtained by sky and cloud—their altars were the flinty rocks, cushioned alone by moss—their songs were echoed by mountain and hill, and the voice of many waters gave the solemn response. They worshipped in spirit and in truth, ignorantly it is true, but not the less fervently. And who, I had almost asked, who can refrain from worshipping

this burning record of the Universal Mind, this

"Beautiful language of the unseen God!"

Can a being, fashioned by an Almighty Hand, endowed with deathless energies, go forth alone at the still, calm, holy hour of midnight, and gaze on the mysterious beauty, the silent magnificence of the starry worlds, nor feel a thrill, a struggle within him, as if his soul had caught a glance of the high land of its birth, and was panting to go home to the bosom of its Father and its God? Who can feel, as his eye is lifted and the starlight rests on his uncovered brow, that he is to sink in a little while into a sleep that shall never know of waking? Surely something must whisper to the soul of an immortality—an immortality the very consciousness of which lifts the proud spirit above its clog of clay, and places man upon a glorious height—an elevation which is in truth but a little lower than the angels.

Those blessed stars—those radiant characters of light, have been beautifully termed by a popular author, "the poetry of heaven." Yes, they are indeed poetry—written by the finger of Jehovah upon the eternal sky, and he who cons it well may learn full many a high and holy lesson. He will feel the rust that hath gathered around his spirit from the chilling mists of earth, wearing away and his soul resuming more and more of its original brightness, and thus preparing to join ere long the chorus of those "eternal harmonies above"—those never-fading stars, which are

"For ever singing as they shine,  
The hand that made us is divine!"

#### DESULTORY SELECTIONS.

##### ISABELLE, SISTER KATE AND THEIR COUSIN.

Mistakes and misunderstandings are not so bad things—at least not always so. Circumstances alter cases.

I remember a case quite in point. Everybody in the country admired Isabelle Edmonds, and in truth she was an admirable creature, just made for admiration, and sonneting, and falling in love with; and accordingly all the country of — *was* in love with her. The columns of all kinds of newspapers abounded with the effusions, supplicatory and declaratory, of her worshippers; in short Miss Isabelle was the object of all the spare 'ideality' in all the region round about. Now I shall not inform my respectable readers how she looked—you may just think of a Venus, a Psyche, a Madonna, an angel, and so forth, and you will have a very definite idea on the point. I must run on with my story. I am not about to choose this angel for my heroine, because she is too handsome, and too much like other heroines for my purpose. But Miss Isabelle had a sister, and I think I shall take *her*. 'Little Kate,' for she was always spoken of in the diminutive, was some years younger than her sis-

ter, and somewhat shorter in stature. She had no pretensions to beauty—none at all—yet there was a certain something, a certain—in short air, she looked very much like Miss A. or Miss G. whom you admire, though you always declared she was not handsome.

It requires very peculiar talent to be overlooked with a good grace, and in this talent Miss Kate remarkably excelled.—She was as placid and happy by the side of her brilliant sister, as any little, contented star, that for ages has twinkled on, unnoticed and almost eclipsed, by the side of the peerless moon. Indeed, the only art or science in which Kate ever made any great proficiency, was the art and science of *being happy*; and in this she so remarkably excelled, that one could scarcely be in her presence half an hour without feeling unaccountably comfortable himself.

She had a world of sprightliness—a deal of simplicity and affection—with a dash of good natured shrewdness, that after all kept you more in awe than you would suppose you could be kept by such a merry, good natured, little nobody. No one of all Isabelle's adorers ever looked at her with so much admiration as the laughter-loving Kate. No one was so ready to run, wait and tend—to be up stairs and down stairs, and every where in ten minutes, when Isabelle was dressing for conquest; in short, she was, as dedications of books sometimes set forth, her ladyship's most obedient, most devoted servant.

But if I'm going to tell my story, I must not keep you all night looking at pictures; so now to my story which shall commence in manner and form following.

It came to pass that a certain valedictorian and a far off cousin of the sisters came down to pass the few first months of his free agency at their father's, and, as aforesaid, he had carried off the first college honor, besides the hearts of all the ladies in the front gallery, at his last commencement.

So interesting! so poetic! such fine eyes!—and all that, was the reputation he left with the gentle sex. But, alas! poor Edward! what did all this advantage him? so long as he was afflicted with that unalterable malady, commonly rendered *bashfulness*; a worse nullifier than was ever heard of in South Carolina. Should you see him in company, you would really suppose him ashamed of his remarkably handsome person, and you would be disposed to throw open the window and offer him a smelling bottle, he made such a distressing affair of it; and as to speaking to a lady! the thing was not to be thought of.

When Kate heard that this "rara avis" was coming to her father's, she felt unaccountably interested to see him; of course, because he was her cousin, and because a dozen other things too numerous to mention.

He came, and was for one or two days an object of great commiseration, as well as



admiration to the whole family circle. After awhile, however, he grew quite domestic; entered the room straight forward instead of stealing in sideways, talked off whole sentences without stopping, looked Miss Isabelle full in the face without blushing, even tried his skill at sketching patterns and winding silk, read poetry and played the flute with the ladies, romped and frolicked with the children, and, in short, as old John observed, was as "pleasant as a palm book from morning till night."

Divers reports began to spread abroad in the neighborhood, and great confusion was heard in the camp of Miss Isabelle's admirers. It was stated with great precision how many times they had ridden, walked together, and even all they had said. In short, the whole neighborhood was full of

"That strange knowledge that doth come,  
We know not how—we know not where."

As for Katy, she always gave all her admirers to her sister, *ex officio*, so she tho't that "of all the men she had ever seen she should like cousin Edward best for a brother, and she did hope Isabelle would like him as much as she did;" and for some reason or other, her speculations were remarkably drawn to this point; and yet for some reason or other, she felt as though she could not ask any questions about it.

At last events appeared to draw towards a crisis. Edward became more and more 'brown studios' every day, and he and Isabelle had drives, solitary walks and confabulations, from which they returned with a peculiar solemnity of countenance. Moreover the little Kate noticed that when Edward was with *herself* he seemed to talk as though he talked not, while with Isabelle he was all animation and interest; that he was constantly falling into trances and reveries, and broke off the thread of conversation abruptly; and in short had every appearance of a person who would be glad to say something, if he only knew how.

"So," said Kate to herself, "they neither of them speak to me about it—I should think they might. Belle I should think would—and Edward knows I am a good friend of his; I know he is thinking of it all the time—he might as well tell me—and he shall."

The next morning, Miss Kate was sitting in the little back parlor. Isabelle was gone out a shopping, and Edward was she did not know where. O, no, here he is—coming into the self same room—"now for it," said the merry girl, mentally—"I'll make a charge at him." She looked up; Master Edward was sitting diagonally on the sofa, twirling the leaves of his book in a very unscholarlike manner: he looked out of the window, and then he walked to the sideboard and poured out three tumblers of water; then he drew a chair up to the work table and took up first one ball of cotton—looked it all over, and laid it down again, then another, then he picked up the scissors and minced up two or three bits of

paper; and then he began to pull the needles out of the needle book, and put them back again.

"Do you wish for some sewing, sir?" said the young lady, after having very composedly superintended these operations.

"How—ma'am—what?" said he starting, and upsetting box, stand and all, upon the floor.

"Now cousin, I'll thank you to pick up that cotton," said Kate, as the confused collegian stood staring at the cotton balls, rolling in divers directions. It takes some time to pick up all the things in a lady's work-box; but at last peace was restored, and with it came a long pause.

"Well cousin," said Kate, in about ten minutes, "if you can't speak, I can; you have something to tell me, you know you have."

"Well—I *know* I have," said the scholar in a tone of hearty vexation.

"There's no need of being so fierce about it," said the mischievous maiden; "nor of tangling my silk, and picking out all my needles, and upsetting my work box, as preparatory ceremonies."

"There is never any need of being a fool, Kate, and I am vexed that I cannot say—  
\* \* \* (a pause.)

"Well, sir, you have displayed a reasonable fluency so far; don't you feel as if you could finish? Don't be alarmed; I should like of all things to be your confidant."

But Edward did not finish; his tongue clave to the roof of his mouth, and he appeared to be going into convulsions.

"Well, I must finish for you, I suppose," said the young lady; "the short of the matter is, Master Edward, *you are in love*; and you know I am a friendly little body, so be tractable and tell me the rest. Have you said any thing to her about it?"

"To her?—to whom?" said Edward, starting. "Why Isabelle, to be sure; it's she, isn't it?" "No Miss Catherine, it's *you*!" said the scholar, who like most bashful persons, could be amazingly explicit when he spoke at all.

Poor little Kate! It was her turn to look at the cotton balls, and to exhibit symptoms of scarlet fever; and while she is thinking what to say next, you may read the next piece in the magazine.

[Western Magazine.]

MEMORY.—Yes, memory! thou art indeed a blessing and a curse! Sweet is it, when the wings of evening brood over the drowsy hearth, to hear thy gentle whisper, as thou comest on velvet foot, telling of days of bygone pleasure, and scenes, whose little roughnesses have all been softened down by the nice touch of distance; but bitter, bitter as the sick man's draught, yet full as wholesome—to hear that whisper changed to the harsh voice of upbraiding, when thou chargest us with deeds whose harshness time's finger cannot smoothe.

Jeremy Levis.

## ORIGINAL POETRY.

### CORIOLANUS.

BY MISS FRANCES HARRIET WHIFFLE.

THE banished hero stood within his tent,  
In mood unmeet for one whose step had been  
O'er the high places of the conqueror.  
Th' imposing train of priests and pontiffs passed,  
With slow and solemn step, beyond his camp;  
Foiled as they were, and sick of soul, to think  
Of all the wo that waited their return.  
A smile of triumph curled his haughty lip  
When the last winding hid them from his view;  
And the sweet hope of vengeance lit his eye  
With dreadful beauty. But a struggle came—  
The massive walls before him still enclosed  
The city of his birth—imperial Rome!  
And there her banners waved. And kingly towers,  
And sculptured palaces, and ancient piles,  
All grouped with scenic beauty, seemed to speak  
To every better feeling and appeal  
To all the wasted love which once had been;  
And which, though wasted could not all be crushed.  
Below, the beauteous Tiber murmured still,  
As soft and silvery as in earlier days,  
When his young limbs were laved and strengthened  
there:  
And yet he came to waste—and yet he stood  
With shield and helmet, and with naked sword,  
And hostile legions thirsting for the fight;  
And he must lead them on—and he must go  
With naked poniard, to the very roof  
That sheltered all he loved—his wife—his babes—  
And his proud, noble mother! Oh, his soul  
Was wrung with anguish none can ever know,  
Who has not raised a parricidal hand  
Against his country! Cold and pale as death,  
With scarce a thought or look of life he stood;  
Then the revulsion wildly awful came.  
He raised his gem-lit sword and with a whirl,  
He knew and cared not whither, flung it off.  
It made a fearful sweep, and, striking, fell  
Upon his cast-off armor. Loud and shrill  
Was the fierce echo of the meeting steel;  
And of the sound his phrenzied passions formed  
A word of fearful omen—"twas 'REVENGE!'  
With every nerve, and joint, and muscle, strained  
To the extremest tension, quick he seized  
The sullied blade, and raised his hand to swear  
That its dimmed brightness ne'er should know  
sheath  
Till it had quenched its thirst in Roman gore!  
But, palsied, his cold lips denied the words;  
And then a flood of crimson gathered back  
And rushed o'er pallid cheek and icy brow,  
Like fire o'er Parian marble—and his heart  
Was quick again with vengeance. Music breathed  
A low and dirge-like wail—a voice of wo,  
Wild as the very language of despair,  
Came stealing o'er his spirit, as the dew  
O'er lava-buried cities—not to save  
The hopeless desolation, but to quench  
And blacken all its fires. A solemn train  
Of Roman matrons, clad in mourning, came,  
Pale as the snow-drift, and with clenching teeth,  
He saw—and guessed their errand. "It is vain—  
I know thee, awful Rome! detested Rome!  
Go back, ye foolish women! go and say  
That Caius Martius is a Volscian now;  
And war and havoc are the only ties  
Which bind him to the country of his birth!  
And if I am a traitor, they have wrought  
The destiny which made me so. Go back;  
Or come and tempt the marble to be warm—  
Learn here that injured hearts are hard as rock,  
As cold as marble and as true as steel,  
Defying, scorning, pitying woman's art!"

\*The hero's first and proper name, that of Coriolanus having been given him as a compliment on his capture of Corioli, a city of the Volscians.

Hark! hark! what magic word arrests the scorn  
That lived in every feature. Hark, again!  
"Veturia, the Roman mother, comes!"  
He heard no more; but, springing from his tent,  
He madly rushed among the solemn train.  
Wife, mother, children, all were clustered there;  
And all were strained unto his bursting heart.  
They wept—all wept together—sobs and groans,  
At first their only language, burst from all:  
And the hard Volscian soldier wiped a tear,  
And thought of wife and babes and peaceful home—  
True to the voice of natural love, that speaks  
One common language ever understood.  
With air of mingled sorrow and reproach,  
Veturia raised her head, and dashed the tear  
From her still noble features. "Ah, my son,  
Art thou my son, indeed, or enemy?  
Am I thy mother or thy captive, now?  
Ah, why did Heaven decree that I should live  
To see this awful day?—to see my son  
A traitor to his country? Wo is me!  
Had I never been a mother, this dark hour  
Had never been—Rome—Rome had still been free!  
Ah! must I curse the hour that gave thee birth?  
Ah! must I curse the love that nurtured thee?  
And must I curse the Roman mother's pride  
When she believed her son was worthy Rome?  
Those walls—the walls of Rome—protect thy wife,  
Thy children, and thy mother, and thy gods:  
How dar'st thou then assail them? Sacrilege  
And murder of thy kindred are thy crimes!  
If Rome must fall, we come to be the first  
To grace thy victory! Prepare the chain,  
The dungeon and the scourge: We are thy slaves!  
For we will fall and sink with falling Rome!"

With warring passions shaken, slow he turned  
To nerve his failing strength. Veturia clung  
In madness to his bosom, and poured out  
An agonizing burst of hopeless tears.  
Then his loved wife—his own—his wedded one—  
Leaning upon her maidens, bent her eyes,  
Red with the weeping that could be no more,  
On his without a sigh, or word, or tear—  
Yet with such hopeless, fearless misery,  
As made her very silence eloquent,  
Beyond the reach of most persuasive words!  
His group of little ones all hanging round  
On knee and hand and arm and garment skirts,  
With sobs and weeping murmured out the word,  
Th' endearing name of "Father!" One fair boy—  
His oldest, proudest, treasured, darling one!  
Looked up so earnestly—so full of grief—  
And in his sweet simplicity cried out,  
"Oh, father, do not kill us!" 'Twas too much—  
One moment he was silent; for a pang  
Of more than mortal agony was wrought  
By dying honor clashed with living love!  
But he was human. Slowly he bent down  
To lift his kneeling mother, and cried out  
"Rome—Rome is saved! but thou hast lost thy son!"

## MIDNIGHT WORSHIP.

BY G. ZELOTES ADAMS.

ALONE—alone! I'm all alone!  
Communing with my weary breast;  
Day with its plotting schemes has flown,  
And I have lulled my cares to rest:  
Not e'en the accustomed zephyrs come  
To hold rapt converse with my lyre,  
Sweet minstrels! they, too, have a home,  
Where their unfettered wings retire.

ALONE—alone! I'm all alone!  
Yon prattling brook trips noiseless by;  
Hushed is the owl's plaintive moan,  
And closed the captive's tearful eye:  
ALONE, how sweet to think of those  
With whom I've trod life's onward way—  
To revel amid the soft repose  
Of childhood's pure, unclouded day.

ALONE—alone! I'm all alone!  
There's not a breast my sighs to share;  
Before the high Eternal's throne,  
Now let me pour my soul in prayer;  
And while I bide with shrinking view,  
The chart my thoughts this day have run,  
Oh, may I ask with faith anew,  
The blessings of another sun!

## THE YOUNG STRANGER.

I AM a stranger far from home,  
Alone and friendless here I roam,  
When I am sick, or when I'm well,  
To none my joy or grief can tell.  
I have no tender mother near  
To kindly wipe the falling tear,  
To raise with care my fainting head,  
And vigils keep around my bed.  
No father dear, whose utmost pride  
Was for his children to provide,  
Sees now my wants, or knows my grief,  
And hastens to his son's relief.  
No more I hear his tender voice—  
"My son, let virtue be your choice,  
Give her the helm, you need not fear—  
Your little bark she'll calmly steer,  
And land you safe upon the shore  
Where raging tempests howl no more."  
My brothers too, and sisters sweet,  
No longer in my walks I meet.  
I sit or wander all alone,  
And hum a tune of plaintive tone;  
My cry, rebounding from the walls,  
Back on my ear an echo falls,  
And tells me in a tone most wild,  
"Thou art a lonely, wandering child." Mc.

## SELECTED.

Boston Pearl.

## Periodical Patronage.

BY GEO. W. LIGHT.

I HAVE this moment received a two dollar note for a year's subscription to one of my periodicals—the first subscription money I have received for a little age, of no small amount, which as truly belonged to me some six years ago, more or less, as ever a note of Mr. Biddle's did to our worthy President. Therefore I am in a little better mood for writing this sermon than I thought of being when I sat down.

A large number of the patrons of the periodical literature of this country are among the best men of the community: I mean, too, *periodically* speaking—notwithstanding a laxity in canceling subscription accounts is one of the great besetting sins of the land. They pay. They are none of your men that subscribe to *patronize* merely—and therefore either are dumbfounded or run mad at your want of gratitude in sending a bill for a work they simply wished to see flourish, and on that account alone were willing to lend the influence of their names to. They don't need to have it proved to them that a printer is a man of flesh and bones like themselves,—though that's not always the case,—and is sustained, whenever he happens to be sustained, by the same system of sustenance with all other men:—nor that a man is less likely to run into bankruptcy when hardly any body pays him for working at the press, than an individual most of whose debtors prove to be bad pay in any other department of bu-

siness. When they buy a journal of a man—receive it, read it, have their happiness increased and are made more intelligent and better by it—they think it is the part of a man to let it be seen that they have some understanding of the means by which an editor as well as any body else is obliged to live, and without which a man can no better write for their edification than he can perform the labor that promotes their own emolument. They pay, too, in season. They don't wait till the printer is dead, or is obliged to run away to get rid of the constable—or till he has used up more paper than the amount of subscription in writing polite, imploring and perhaps to them insulting duns. They learn the terms, buy their intellectual goods, and then like any other gentlemen hand over the cash. These men—as the facts above stated abundantly prove—are no less distinguished by their intelligence and right appreciation of the importance of the periodical press, than by their honor and general uprightness, even in those minor concerns of life where self-interest or reputation is ever so little at stake. By these men, and by them alone—and it is no mean encomium upon their characters—is the periodical press of the country supported as well as it is. All other self-named patrons not only obstruct the operation of this great intellectual engine of the age, but are the occasion of embarrassment and blasted prospects among an intelligent and industrious class of men, which if shown to their view would make men of no more moral purity than themselves even tremble to contemplate.

But I may be considered a little too severe, without some qualification, upon a certain class of the community which needs to be noticed apart from others of the non-paying or pay-any-time subscribers to periodicals. This is a class of men who *have* honor and moral principle, and who exhibit them in most of the relations of life—but who, nevertheless, are so influenced by the too general opposition to an editor's breathing through the usual preliminary means, that they care little about giving him his due in time to keep him out of the limbo, and are indifferent at least whether he hears from them at all, except by way of clamorous communications because the 'paper doesn't come.' These men mean no great harm. They would dislike as much to see a poor fellow of an editor starving to death as any body else. 'But a five dollar bill—what's that?—a sum like this will make no great difference, sent one time or another, or not at all. Let him wait my convenience!' Individuals of this stamp prove the greatest enemies to many a printer's success. He confides in their general good reputation—lays out his plans with reference to it—and goes on in the execution of them with as little fear of famine before his eyes as any good citizen who is willing to work hard and maintain a good conscience.



I need not detail the whole story. At the end of the year he has received about half the amount of his expenses. About double what he owes is due him, with half a dollar on each subscription besides—which he may whistle for with the principal amount—because not paid within the year. No paper, perhaps, is to stop till all arrearages are paid up—though few moons pass before it *has* to stop, from the fact that the type founder, paper maker, et cetera, are too wise to support the establishment a great while for the public merely to *subscribe*.—In some three years he receives possibly a quarter part of the sum due him:—and if he isn't in jail, poor fellow, it is because he was not fool enough to continue to work for nothing and find himself, and has sought some less speculative employment. I hazard nothing in saying that a large number of respectable citizens are every year driven towards bankruptcy in this country, mainly through individuals counted good men in all other respects, not paying promptly, or at all, their subscriptions to periodicals. The misery, and vice it may be, created annually by this, which should seriously be considered one of our crying national sins, can hardly be calculated. Does not this subject demand the serious consideration of the good people of America? In the way which has been described, are our literature, science and arts suffered to languish. Able and sensible men are constantly either going out or keeping out of such, in the general, ill-recompensed employment.

As regards that class of subscribers who never *mean* to pay for a periodical, I shall say but little about them. Every publisher at the present day is as much to blame for opening an account with a man whom neither he nor his agent knows any thing about, as the man who trusts him for any other article of trade. There must be a reform in the pecuniary system upon which most periodicals are conducted as well as among their subscribers.

Of another rather numerous class of patrons to periodicals—namely, the ladies—I will say a word. Respecting them—and I need not say they are the last individuals that should be insulted by flattery—I have the pleasure of being able to testify favorably. They belong, so far as my knowledge extends, as a body—I mean those who are intelligent enough to want a periodical—to the class first alluded to,—who *pay*: sufficient proof to a printer, bachelor or no bachelor, with no matrimonial arguments in addition, that they are the best gift of heaven, whether first or last in the order of creation—a matter he cares little about if he but finds them enrolled on his list of patrons. The excellent conductor of the Ladies' Magazine can tell me if I am mistaken on this point. I trust not.

It is not necessary to discuss at large in this essay the general subject of the press. Every body feels its influence and acknow-

ledges its importance. Especially in the form of the periodical publications of the day, it must be considered as the most powerful engine of this broad republic for the promotion of good or of evil. Take it from the land—imperfect and ill-supported as it is—and you blot out the great intellectual sun of the nation. Through the Reviews, the Magazines and the Newspapers of the day, it collects the scattered beams of knowledge from the farthest regions of religion and philosophy, and spreads them far and wide over the hills and valleys of the land, enlightening, ennobling and gladdening all—even the most humble of our citizens—who come within the pale of its influence.

Yet it is with a poor grace that the people of this country boast of the freedom of the press, while it meets with such comparatively meager support from the majority of its votaries. The future cultivation and elevation of our literature, science, arts and politics, must depend upon that popular portion of mankind—the people.—Let a pure and exalted standard of the press in the periodical form be encouraged by them, and call forth their united support, and such a standard will soon be raised, and it will stand as long as the banner of freedom shall wave above the mountain tops and over the blue rivers of the land of our fathers.

And why should not the press call forth this encouragement and this support? Is it not the most influential and powerful agent among mankind? Is it not far more extensively so in the periodical than in any other form of its action? Does not this country present at least as ample and important a field for its operation as any other nation on the globe? Then why should it not—as it does in some other countries so far as its freedom is allowed—call forth and embody the talents and opinions of the best and the ablest men of our republic?

The press—the medium through which the religion, the liberty, the honor and happiness of the nations are secured and preserved—unworthy of support! Allow to every department of life its due weight of importance: but let not the glory of the land, the only safeguard of the people, the only hope of the world, call forth the disrespect and the ingratitude of those who are enlightened and warmed and invigorated by its heaven-like agency. The light of the press is like the light of the sun.—Its voice is like the sound of many waters. Its results are like the rising into existence of a new creation.

A candidate for the medical honors having thrown himself almost into a fever from his incapacity for answering the questions, was asked by one of the Professors, How would you sweat a patient for rheumatism? He replied, "I would send him here to be examined."

## FEMALE HEROISM AND MAGNANIMITY.

WE are assured that the following extraordinary narrative is strictly accurate in all its details:

The acceptance of a most splendid villa, furnished with costly comfort, presented to an English widow lady, by a French nobleman of high distinction, in gratitude for the preservation of his child by that lady during the revolution in Paris, in 1830, has been most firmly and positively refused.—Since those memorable days, every attempt had failed to discover the preserver of the child; and the only knowledge gained was, that an English widow lady, pale, exhausted, her dress much torn, and nearly drenched with blood, had from amidst a heavy discharge of cannon, silently entered the nobleman's apartment, and, tenderly placing her little charge upon the sofa, bowed, and retired too swiftly to be traced.

A trivial circumstance a few weeks since led to the discovery of the lady's name and residence. Upon reading the document which put her in possession of the noble gift, she remained for a few moments silent and thoughtful; then, turning to the legal gentlemen sent by the nobleman to witness her signature of acceptance, she addressed them in these beautiful words:—"Tell the father of the child I protected in the hour of peril, I return his offering with grateful feelings—thanks are not due to me, let them be given to that Being who in the moment of danger, allowed me strength of mind to encounter the bloody scene. My reward claims no other notice than the inward consciousness I feel of having only performed a Christian duty; and tell him, the motto I rest upon to guide my actions, is to endeavor to do towards others, as I would have wished them to have done towards me, under similar circumstances."

A magnificent painting is in preparation, representing the awful period of the child's rescue, from an accurate sketch drawn by the officer who rode the charger stopped by her heroic courage, and who obtained an interview a few days since to entreat her permission for its execution, which has been granted, provided her name remain undivulged during her life-time. And an eminent artist is now employed in taking her likeness.

The painting represents the lady in her widow's dress, on one knee, extricating, with her left hand, a lovely child from the dead body of its nurse, who had fallen a victim to the discharge of a musket. Her right hand firmly grasps the bridle, and arrests in its progress a powerful charger, whose fore feet trample on her dress.—The mounted officer, impatient to proceed, appears withdrawing his sword from the wound he has inflicted on her arm, and from which the blood flows copiously.—Near her stands a furious looking soldier, displaying on the point of his bayonet a

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remnant of the widow's cap, which he has torn when directing his aim towards the child; and in the back-ground is seen the nobleman's carriage broken by the populace. Underneath are inscribed the simple but effective words she addressed to the officer at the moment of receiving the wound:—"Soldier!—if you are a father, spare my life to support this child."

During the officer's interview with the lady, he expressed a hope that she had not suffered much pain from the wound his sword had given; when she partly uncovered her arm, and assured him that the scar she wore, only reminded her of his humanity, and that she felt happy in the opportunity afforded her of thanking him for preventing the destructive weapon from inflicting severer injury. It is the intention of the nobleman to visit England with his child early in the spring, and to conduct the widow to his residence, where he intends to welcome the preserver of his child with princely splendor, and where the benevolence of this noble-minded woman will be prized.—*London Court Journal*.

**AMERICAN HEROINES.**—In the late wars which ensanguined the provinces of Buenos Ayres, the women of that country displayed the greatest courage. Donna Juana Ossunday fought a considerable time by the side of her husband, General Cadilla. At the battle of Laguana this Amazonian lady carried off from the Spaniards one of their colors, and the republic, in order to show its gratitude, conferred upon her the rank of Lieutenant-Colonel. When the battle of Cochahamba took place, the General commanding, finding himself inferior in force to the opposing party, gave arms to the women of the city, and a position to defend. They all perished in the conflict. On the same evening, according to the practice of the French army, an officer at the roll-call inquired "whether all the women of Cochahamba were present," and was answered, "No, they are all dead for their country in the field of honor."

**UNACCEPTED GRATITUDE.**—Capt. — (we spare his name) was walking in company with the marquis of Anglesea down Piccadilly, when he was accosted by a fellow, half soldier, half beggar, with a most reverential salute. "God bless your honor! (said the man whose accent betrayed him to be Irish,) and long life to you."—"How do you know me?" said the Captain. "Is it how do I know your honor, (responded Pat,) good right sure I have, to know the man who saved my life in battle." The captain highly gratified at this tribute to his valor in such hearing, slid half a crown into his hand, and asked him where? "God bless your honor, and long life to you, (said the grateful veteran,) sure it was at New-Orleans, when seeing your honor run away as fast as your legs could carry you from the Yankees, I followed your lead,

and run after you out of the way; where-by, under God, I saved my life. Oh! good luck to your honor, I never will forget it to you."

## The Wreath.

EDITED BY W. H. BURLEIGH.

SATURDAY, JANUARY 17, 1835.

It is with pleasure we acknowledge the receipt of a communication from Saratoga Springs, intended for our own especial edification. The thicker and faster such documents come to hand, the better. They always find a jingling welcome in our pocket. While upon this subject, we will venture a hint to correspondents in general and to one in particular. A few days since we received through the post office a letter containing two shillings in two separate pieces. Rather odd! thought we, that hard money should be sent in a letter. Each of these two shillings cost us ten cents postage, so that we found ourself but five cents in pocket for them. We shall comply with our friend's request, though when we have done it we shall not feel much the richer for it. His future remittances—of which we trust we shall yet have many—will be sent in bills for we confess ourself so much of a bank man that we love to have our pockets well lined with the "little rags with pickers on them."

Notwithstanding the many fine things that we said about the New-York Mirror in our last, brother Morris wont send us his paper. Well—we can do without it. Some one—no matter who—tells a story from which we derive abundant consolation. At the time of the flood—rather a serious time for sinners—while Noah—good soul—was resting safely and quietly in his ark, and the rain was pouring in avalanche-torrents from the clouds, a man who had scoffed at the old patriarch while he was building the ark, came wading up to it and implored Noah to admit him. His petition was rejected, and, disconcerted, he turned away. The floods continued to pour down until the water had reached the victim's waist, when he again made application for admittance into the ark, and again met with a rebuff. A third time, when the water had reached his chin, he waded up to the ark, and imploringly cried out, "For heaven's sake, Noah, if you have any bowels of compassion, take me in. Still the old patriarch was inflexible. The sinner's wrath was up, and turning scornfully upon his heel, he cried, as he cast a glance at the stooping clouds, "Go to thunder with your old ark! I dont think there's going to be much of a shower."

**MRS. HEMANS.**—Those who have lingered with delight over this lady's poetry—and who has not?—will regret to learn that she has for some time past been in delicate and declining health. It may be that the harp which has been tuned so sweetly on earth will soon be heard only in heaven. For some months she has been enabled to give but little attention to literature, and for several weeks she has been too ill to make any efforts in her favorite literary pursuits.

We know not that we are particularly disposed to set at nought the final commandment of the decalogue—to covet our neighbor's house, or his wife, (here we can speak confidently,) or any thing that is his. And yet, when we look over the literary periodicals of a larger class than ours, such as the New-York Mirror and New-Yorker, (both excellent hebdomedals, by the bye, but rather too proud to exchange with us,) and see their notices of Magazines and new books which load the editorial tables of the city eds, we cannot help thinking that there are some lucky fellows in the world, and wishing that we were among the happy number. Our sphere is indeed a humbler one than theirs, but perhaps not less useful. It may be that we shall do as much to awaken and foster intellect, to give an impetus to the youthful mind, as our larger

and more expensive contemporaries. At all events, we shall try. We may not, perhaps, be successful in our endeavors to win the public regard, but we will do more—aim to deserve it. If our little sheet is worthy of support, we hope to receive it. We shall endeavor to go on from one degree of excellence to another, until our periodical shall be second to none of a similar design in the State, or even in the Union. Meanwhile we ask no one to patronise us from charity—we require no donations of a dollar to help us along. If in our present sphere we cannot be useful, we prefer to leave it. But if we are, we do not beg of the public to sustain us, but respectfully call upon them to do it as an act of justice—justice to themselves and to us. We are happy to state that our subscription list is rapidly increasing, and we can already number among our patrons many of our most intelligent and enlightened citizens. Let all who think us worthy their regard, make haste to bestow it.

*Grammar of the English Language, by the Reverend Cornelius B. Everett, Pastor of the 1st Congregational Church, Norwich, Conn.*

We have given this work a thorough examination and upon the whole are very much pleased with it. The author has evidently bestowed much pains and time in systematising the work and preparing each particular subject. Etymology and Syntax, the two most important divisions of Grammar, are so admirably connected as mutually to explain each other. We think this is better adapted to the age, that ought to study this science, than any previous treatise.

The author takes up each subject separately—first defines it—then explains it—and closes with pertinent observations. Connected with each distinct part are a number of lessons, which fully illustrate it. A constant review is kept up throughout the work—and the scholar not only keeps in view what he has previously passed over, but marks the dependence and connexion of the whole.

We think that the work merits the attention of parents and teachers, and ought to be generally introduced into our public and private schools.

Our friend of the Reflector gives us a gentle hint to send him a slice of wedding cake. A fine time, truly, to talk of such affairs after the expiration of the honeymoon! A fine fellow, indeed, to venture upon such a theme at any time! Why does he not put himself in the way to give wedding cake to others? Mehercule! if we had a mountain of it around us, beneath us, and above us, and were anxious to get rid of it with all possible despatch, we would sooner throw it out to the pigs than bestow it upon an incorrigible old bachelor!

**PERIODICAL PATRONAGE.**—Under this title our readers will find an excellent essay, on another page of our present number. It will be found worthy an attentive perusal.

Where is friend Holbrook of the W. C. Advertiser? Frozen up?—If you are alive, man, send on your sheet—if you are really dead, "never seem to mind it."

### TO CORRESPONDENTS.

"The Mother's Lament" in our next. "Mc." is received, and laid on the table for a second reading.

"Ella,"—we have a fervent welcome for her, hoping that we may hear from her often. Her poem will appear in our next.

There is a greater dearth of original matter in our present number than we could wish. Our own time has been so much occupied in other matters that we have found but little leisure for driving the quill editorial. To those correspondents who have thus far extended to us a helping hand we proffer our cordial thanks, and respectfully solicit a continuance of their favors. Contributions will be thankfully received from any—from all. If well written, we care not how rapidly they flow in upon us.

## SALMAGUNDI.

**A PETRIFICATION.**—A late Madrid paper gives an account of a petrified giant, said to have been brought to light accidentally, by the workmen engaged in digging a canal. The whole story is marvellous. That a canal should be thought of, much more commenced, in Spain, is a matter of great wonder; we should never suppose from the relations of travellers, that there was enough energy in the country to compass the digging of a small ditch. But to pass that—the account of the petrified gentleman is, in itself, perfectly marvellous. The body is said to be upwards of eighteen feet long, with a head two feet in width, and a chest of a yard. The bones are said to resemble a whitish-gray stone. The account goes on to state that a physician and surgeon have examined the petrification, and given their certificate of its being a genuine man—no imitation. As to the place where, the time when, and the particulars how this amazing discovery was made, the papers are silent; and therefore, among other reasons, we take leave to doubt altogether.

**THE DEATH OF THE YOUNG.**—Beautiful is that season of life, when we can say in the language of Scripture, 'Thou hast the dew of thy youth.' But of these flowers, Death gathers many. He places them upon his bosom, and his form is changed to something less terrific than before. We learn to gaze and shudder not: for he carries in his arms the sweet blossoms of our earthly hopes. We shall see them all again, blooming in a happier land.

Yes: Death brings us again to our friends. They are waiting for us,—and we shall not be long. They have gone before us,—and are like the angels in heaven. They stand upon the borders of the grave, to welcome us with the countenance of affection, which they wore on earth,—yet more lovely—more radiant—more spiritual.

Knickerbocker.

"No heart is so rude as to be insensible to the beauty of flowers. They seem so happy and so harmless. We love flowers because, having no life, they have no sin, and yet are more beautiful than life. But creatures so fair deserve to have life, and we give it to them—to the lilies of the field—calling them the children of nature—and then envying them the dews and sunshine! But what a fair spiritual life is theirs—communicated to them by the breath of our delight! Like faint music! Our good—our best emotions only can settle on flowers; and thus even the plainest and more ordinary of the family are like the brightest of the sisterhood—emblematical of the amiable, the blameless, and the beautiful."

"Such a good 'un." What is the difference between *pay-ment*, and *pay-meant*? A difference.

## Knickerbocker.

## LINES.

LIFE Wanes,—and the bright sun-light of our youth  
Sets o'er the mountain tops, where Hope once stood.  
Oh, Innocence, oh Trustfulness, oh Truth,  
Where are ye all?—white-handed sisterhood,  
Who with me, on my way did walk along,  
Singing sweet scraps of that immortal song  
That's known in Heaven, but hath no echo here.  
Are ye departing?—fellows bright and dear,  
Of the young spirit, when it first alights  
Upon this coast of darkness and dismay?  
Farewell, fair children of the Eternal Day,  
Blossoms of that fair land where fall no blights—  
Sweet kindred of my exiled soul,—farewell!  
Here I must wander, here ye may not dwell:  
Back to your home, beyond the founts of light,  
I see ye fly,—and I am wrapped in night.  
Philadelphia, December, 1834. F. A. B.

**AUTUMN.**—Magnificent is the Autumn of our father-land! By what a subtle alchemy the green leaves are transmuted into gold, as if molten by the fiery blaze of the hot sun! A magic covering spreads over the whole forest, and brightens into more gorgeous hues. The tree-tops seem bathed with the gold and crimson of an Italian sunset. Here and there a shade of green,—here and there a tinge of purple,—and a stain of scarlet so deep and rich, that the most cunning artifice of man is pale beside it. A thousand delicate shades melt into each other. They blend fantastically into one deep mass. They spread over the forest, like a tapestry woven with a thousand hues.

Magnificent Autumn! He comes not like a pilgrim, clad in russet weeds. He comes not like a hermit, clad in gray. But he comes like a warrior, with the stain of blood upon his brazen mail. His crimson scarf is rent. His scarlet banner drips with gore. His step is like a flail upon the threshing floor.

The scene changes.

It is the Indian Summer. The rising sun blazes through the misty air, like a conflagration. A yellowish, smoky haze, fills the atmosphere; and

—'a filmy mist,  
Lies like a silver lining on the sky.'

The wind is soft and low. It wafts to us the odor of forest leaves, that hang wilted on the dripping branches, or drop into the stream. Their gorgeous tints are gone, as if the autumnal rains had washed them out. Orange—yellow—and scarlet,—all are changed to one melancholy russet hue. The birds, too, have taken wing, and left their roofless dwellings. Not the whistle of a robin,—not the twitter of an eaves-dropping swallow,—not the carol of one sweet, familiar voice! All gone. Only the dismal cawing of a crow, as he sits and curses that the harvest is over,—or the chitter of an idle squirrel,—the noisy denizen of a hollow tree,—the mendicant friar of a large parish,—the absolute monarch of a dozen acorns!

Another change.

The windsweeps through the forest, with a sound like the blast of a trumpet. The dry leaves whirl in eddies through the air. A fret-work of hoar-frost covers the plain.

The stagnant water in the pools and ditches, is frozen into fantastic figures. Nature ceases from her labors, and prepares for the great change. In the low-hanging clouds, the sharp air, like a busy shuttle, weaves her shroud of snow. There is a melancholy and continual roar in the tops of the tall pines, like the roar of a cataract. It is the funeral anthem of the dying year.

**A whiskey and water priest.**—Under the head of serious loss, an Irish paper announces the circumstance of one Father Murray getting blind drunk some nights since, and, walking into the sea at Kilmacrennan, was drowned. His friends intend to raise a statue, the paper adds, to his memory. We advise that the following inscription be placed under the statue:—  
"Erected in memory of our Father Murray, Who walked into the sea one night in a hurry. By his fate take warning, mother's son both and daughter,  
And when taking your whiskey ne'er mix it with water."

Here's an alliterative wedding, one worth venturing upon if only for sake of seeing it in print.—Married, at Pottstown, by the Rev. Mr. Scott, Mr. Watson Sprott of Spott, to Miss Mary Watt, of Mott!

Sprott of Spott weds Mary Watt—  
Watts not her name!—say Sprott of Spott.

**HISTORY.**—The history of the past, is a mere puppet-show. A little man comes out and blows a little trumpet, and goes in again. You look for something new; and lo! another little man comes out, and blows another little trumpet, and goes in again. And it is all over.

**LOVE.**—Love, real love, is that one passion within whose vortex all others of the heart are swallowed—these may rule with divided power, or alternately, but love, the moment it enthrones itself in the soul, treads all other feelings in the dust, and sways us with a tyrant's sceptre—the source of virtue or of crime, love raises us above our nature or sinks us below the brutes. It is a fire which if it be not quenched, at once consumes every thing within its reach, and burns until the fuel that maintained it, be exhausted, when nothing is left, save the dead ashes, to mark the spot where it once raged.—

Neither look into a man's manuscript, nor put your hand into his pocket.

Never break a seal or peep into a letter that belongs to another.

Spend to spare and spare to spend.

## THE WREATH,

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